

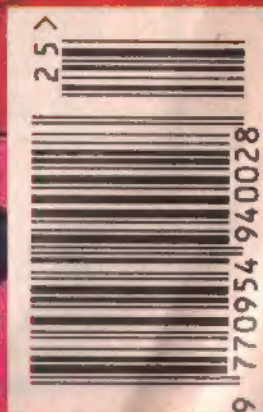
MARVEL
22th June 91

THE REAL

№158 55p

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GH^oSTBUSTERS™



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Slimer usually likes nothing better than to get his teeth into a great big juicy burger, but he is none too pleased when the vege-tables are turned in an exciting story entitled **Hellish Relish!**

But firstly, in this slime-packed edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, our spook-trapping gang are visited by some worried weirdos who are vanishing off the face of the earth quicker than you can say "This ghost is history" in **The Mysterious Sarong Of Arnold B. Clark!**

There's more mayhem afoot for The Real Ghostbusters in the fourth instalment of the terrifying tale, **The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea!** Then, if your appetite for horror has been whetted by all that, there are all the other regular spooky treats for you to get your fangs into. So, get stuck in!

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Cover by STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ

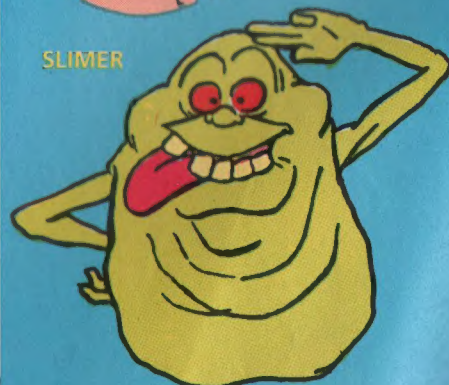


WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ

SLIMER



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

RUMBLING SOUND, ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST...

WE'VE BEEN HERE THREE HOURS AND THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF ANY SEA SERPENT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A HOAX!

YUP, RAY, NOT A SHINGLE THING. SHORE LOOKS LIKE THE COAST IS CLEAR. LET'S WAVE THIS PLACE BYE-BYE.

THE MYSTERIOUS SARONG OF ARNOLD B. CLARK!

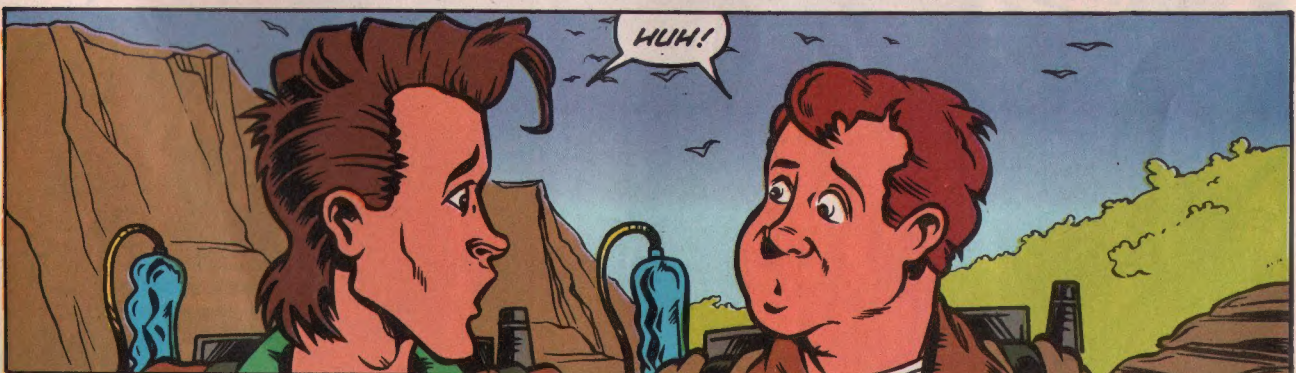
PETER, YOUR JOKES ARE TERRIBLE, AND NOW THE SUN'S GONE IN, IT'S GONNA RAIN, I'VE GOT TAR ON MY BOOTS AND YOU DON'T CARE.

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY - IT CAN'T GET ANY WORSE.

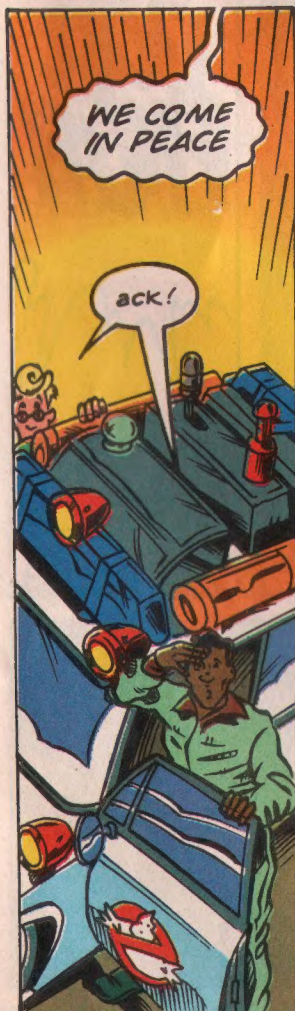
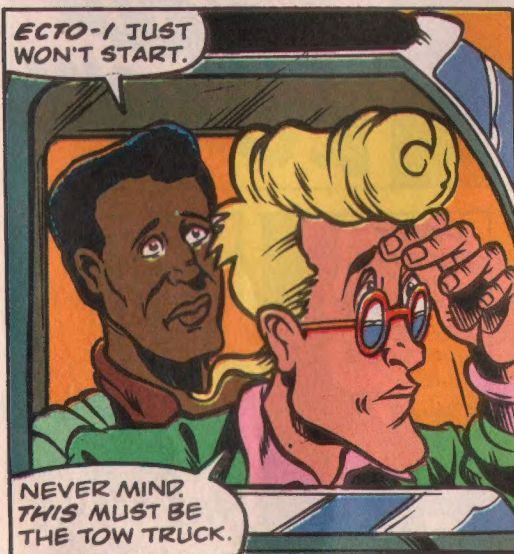
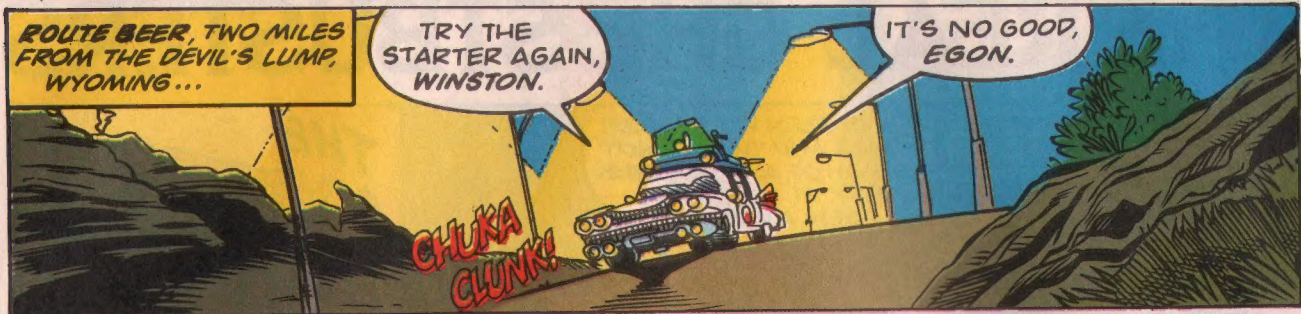
GASP! YOIKS!

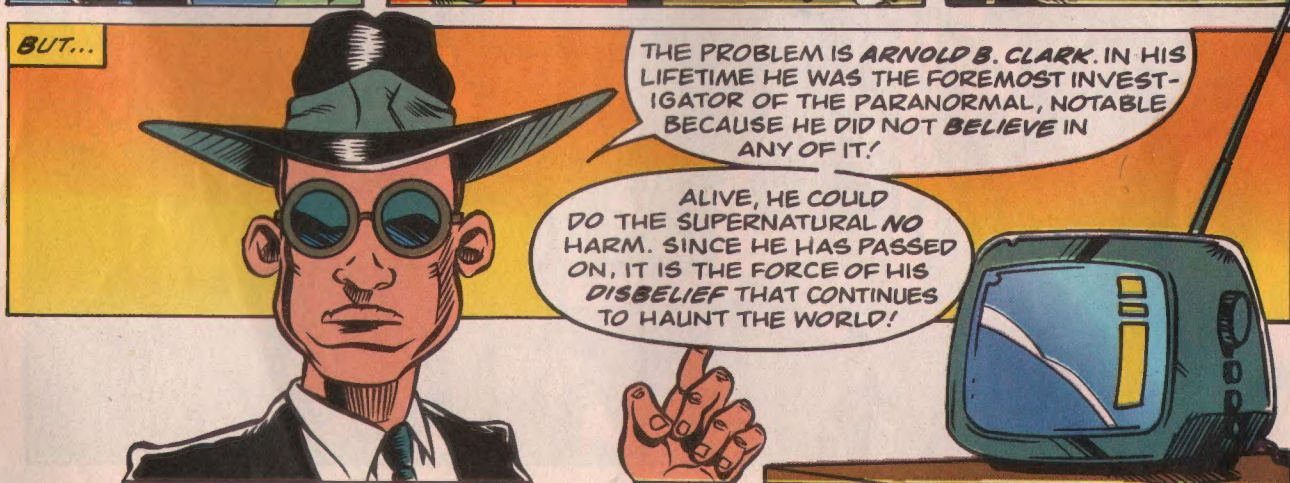
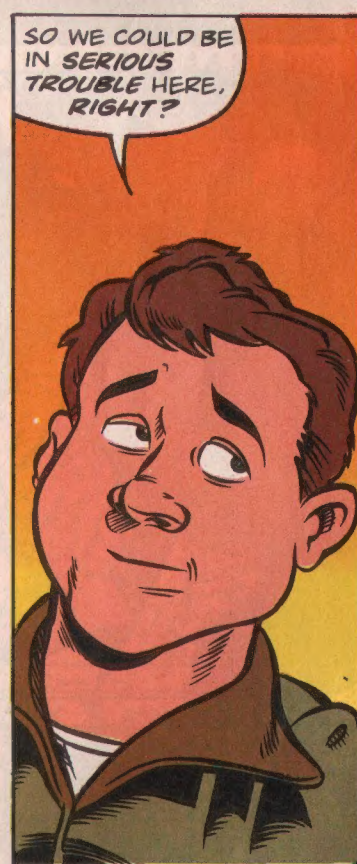
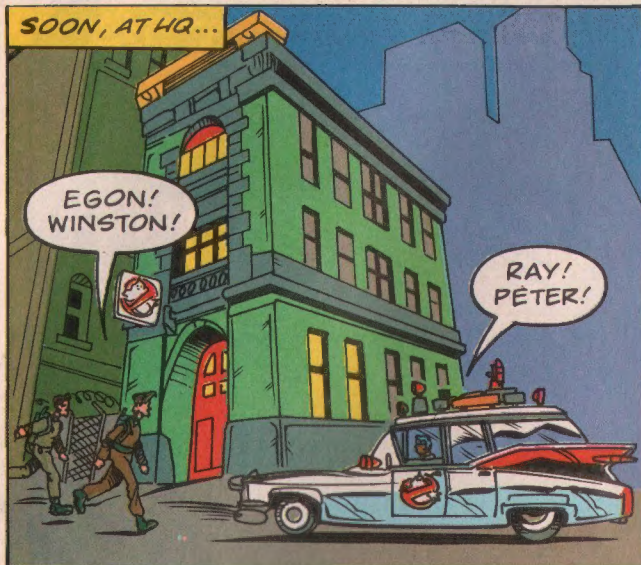


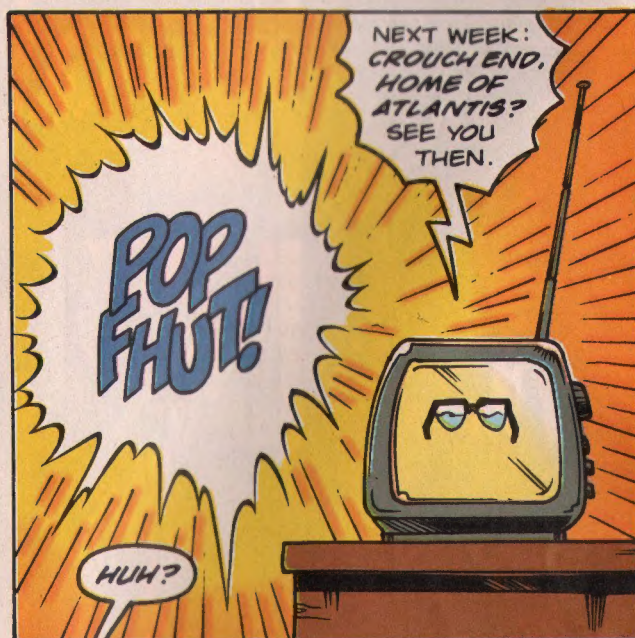
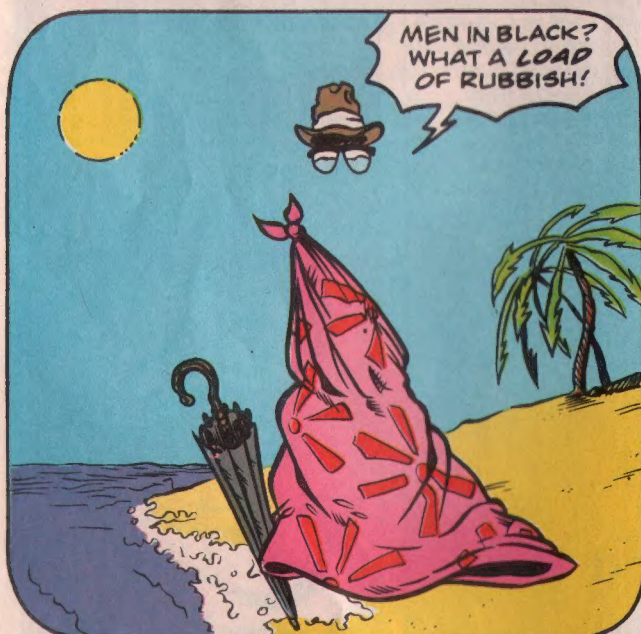
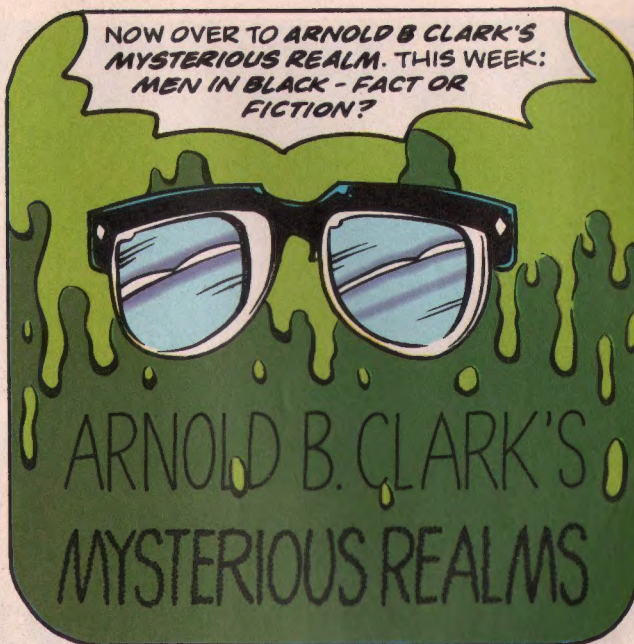
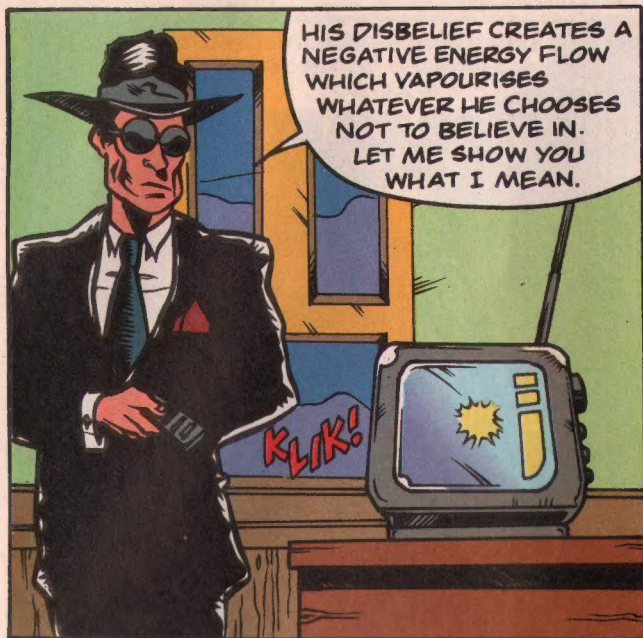
DON'T SHOOT! I ONLY CAME HERE TO ASK FOR YOUR HE-



Story DAN ABNETT and STEVE WHITE Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and LESLEY DALTON Lettering GLIB Colouring STUART PLACE







SOON, ON THE IDYLIC BEACH OF LENT ISLAND...

HOW ON EARTH ARE WE GOING TO BUST THIS THING?

I HAVE A CUNNING PLAN.

... I'VE STUDIED THE EVIDENCE LONG AND HARD. AND THE EVIDENCE IS: THERE IS NO EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT THE EVIDENCE. NOW WHERE'S ME CHEQUE?

THIS WEEK, WE LOOK AT THE MYSTERIOUS SARONG OF ARNOLD B. CLARK. FREE-FLOATING, PHANTASMAL ETHNIC GARMENT OR FIGMENT OF POPULAR IMAGINATION? I'VE COME TO LENT ISLAND TO FIND OUT.

AND SO...

IT'S
WORLD OF THE PSYCHIC
With **PETER VENKMAN**

HI, THERE!

EXCUSE ME, MYSTERIOUS DISEMBODIED SARONG, DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE EXISTENCE OF ARNOLD B. CLARK'S PHANTOM BEACH WEAR?

THE UNIVERSE IS A STRANGE AND MARVELOUS PLACE, AND I LIKE TO KEEP AN OPEN MIND ABOUT THE POSSIBILITIES.

BUT DOES THE GHOST SARONG EXIST?

NO! IT'S ABSOLUTE HOGWASH!

WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT. IF YOU WANT TO GET ON IN THIS BUSINESS, YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE IN YOURSELF.

Ring!

NEXT WEEK - EGON SPENGLER: IS HE JUST A RECORDING?

AND FINALLY FOR ALL YOU TELEPATHS, THIS IS PETER VENKMAN SAYING...

BYE NOW!



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Arnold B. Clark: A Life In A Mysterious World

The paranormal world was saddened this week by the disappearance of science fiction writer and self-proclaimed Master of the Mysterious, Arnold Bannerstaff Clark. Though his work will never challenge that of Vondahuck or Tobin for authoratative brilliance, most would agree that Arnold did more than anyone to popularise the more mysterious aspects of our world. His book *Arnold B. Clark's Mysterious Chronicle Of The Strange And Mysterious* was a bestseller in ten countries, and a vital part of life here at Ghostbusters' HQ. Without it, we'd never have stopped the kitchen table wobbling.

In a long career that spanned books, television and the river Humber, Arnold tackled almost every type of paranormal mystery in his own inimitable sarong. He studied the Elliott Ness Monster, the Unbombable Snowman, the Bermuda Shorts, the Exmoor Tabby, Spontaneous Human Applause, Stonehinge and the Lost Continent of Sheppey and he didn't believe in any of them.

No one pooh-poohed more than Arnold, but the public loved his style, his delivery and his sarong. He was a



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mystery in himself. Those who knew him well would often arrange to be on holiday when he was due to visit, and indeed Vondahuck actually hid under his bed for three hours and pretended to be out when Arnold came to see him in 1946. These facts alone led to the publication of his first bestseller *The Marie Celeste Syndrome Among My Friends* and its equally popular follow up *Paranoid, Me?* Arnold had an uncanny knack for probing to the root of a mystery and then ignoring it completely. The haunting of Barely Rectory he explained away with the verdict '... a bit of draught proofing round the

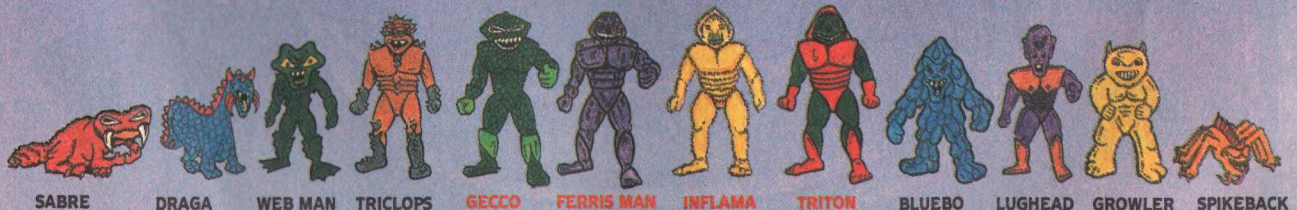
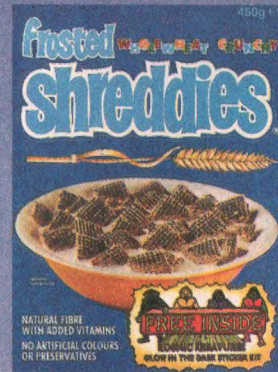
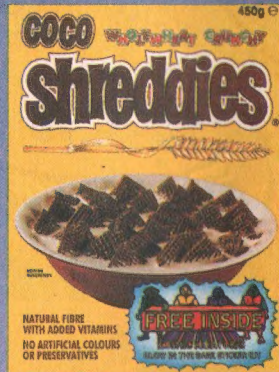
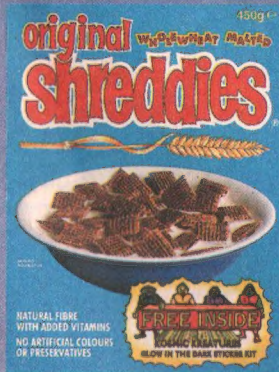
doors will stop that rattling ...'; the desert drawings of Tezco were made in his opinion '... by a herd of goats looking for scrub ...'; and Harry Whodidhe was in Arnold's view '... actually a double act of twin brothers ...'. His TV show won him fans around the world, fans who tuned in every week to hear him say things like '... I'm standing in one of the most colourful mysteries of our time ... ancient, dusty and mildewed with age, in fact few people would believe it was a sensible thing to wear at all. I think the best way to explain it is to crouch around here on the beach and flatly refuse to believe in anything ...'.

Arnold will be sadly missed, just as he was sadly missed on each of the occasions people tried to get him to shut up by shooting at him. It is worth reflecting, however, that when he eventually goes over to the Supercosmic plain, he's not going to believe his eyes. Gozer the Gozerian, himself described by Arnold as 'difficult to swallow', said of Arnold 'there was just no getting through to the man. I started to have trouble believing in myself.' A retrospective of Arnold's most important sarongs will go on display at the ICA this week.

COLLECT AND CREATE YOUR OWN KOSMIC KREATURES!!




FREE INSIDE every pack of Original, Coco and Frosted **shreddies** are these amazing Glow-in-the-Dark Sticker Kits. There are 4 in all. Collect the 12 Kosmic Kreatures and create many more by swapping the legs, arms etc of the four main characters, Triton, Gecco, Inflama and Ferris Man.



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HELLISH RELISH!



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

The Real Ghostbusters find themselves in a strange dimension where food lives and Slimer is – lunch?

Perhaps Peter Venkman should never have woken up that morning after all, even if the alarm clock was loud enough to wake the dead. (A bad choice of alarm clock perhaps to be used in The Real Ghostbusters' HQ!). As The Real Ghostbuster fell out of bed and stared in confusion at the clock, he wondered why it had gone off so early. What on earth was he doing awake at seven o'clock in the morning?

Then he remembered that it was his turn to check Egon's monitoring equipment in the basement and that if he didn't do it, Egon would probably wrap him around the firepole with his bare hands. Peter had neglected to check the equipment the day before and Egon's readings – which he'd been carefully checking every day for over six weeks – were now 'hopelessly out of synchronisation with the required statistical input and assessment curves', whatever that meant.

Sighing, Peter got up, brushed his teeth, dressed and staggered down to the kitchen. Bleary eyed, he stumbled to the fridge and was quickly shocked into 'total awake mode' when his hand gripped, not just the fridge door handle – but also a large quantity of green, gooey slime.

"SLIMER!" shouted Peter, as he opened the door, only to find the fridge stripped bare of anything even remotely resembling food. Even the ice maker was empty. Peter was furious. Suddenly he noticed something on the floor, and began to follow the trail of anchovies, cherry jam, bread, bacon, broken eggs, squeezed tubes of cheese paste, three empty milk cartons and a crushed yoghurt pot, until he found himself in the basement of The Real Ghostbusters Headquarters, where he discovered Slimer. Smiling in his sleep, the ghost had found a comfortable spot to snooze after his feast – on top of Egon's monitoring equipment.

The green ghost was surrounded by empty food boxes and drink cans. As Peter stormed towards him, Slimer burped and then started to snore, contentedly. "You're

in trouble now," shouted Peter. "Not only have you eaten all my food, but you're messing up Egon's equipment too. You'll be lucky if you see the end of the day!" With that, he went for Slimer, but slipped on a drinks can, did a double somersault and fell against the wires connecting the monitors to the Ecto-Containment Unit. There was an ominous crackle of purple energy, which spread its way from the Unit to the monitors and the sleeping Slimer. "Uh oh," muttered Peter. "Slimer, look out!"

It was too late. The purple energy paused only for a second before passing straight into Slimer with what sounded like not just a crackle but an evil laugh. As if purple energy things had the ability to laugh anyway. As Peter thought about this, Slimer's eyes suddenly snapped open. "Oh nooooo!" squealed the ghost, then his eyes shut again and he dropped back into heavy sleep. Then his arm began to rise and an extremely gooey finger pointed at Peter.

"I think I'm in serious trouble –" began Peter, before he vanished in an all-enveloping purple light. There was a chuckle, then strands of the same weird energy started to work their way up the basement stairs. They paused at the reception desk but it was too early for Janine to be around, and Ray hadn't even started working on ECTO-1. The energy gave a sigh then began to stream up the firepole, crackling and buzzing its way past Winston's chair near the TV in the lounge and up into the bedroom. "Got you!" came an eerie voice and with that the light oozed over the three sleeping Ghostbusters – Egon, Ray and Winston. Then they all vanished too.

"Guys! Wake up!" shouted Peter, pulling at Egon as a sausage with wings flew past his nose. "You've got to help me!"

Egon's eyes snapped awake at the smell of bacon and eggs frying somewhere nearby. "Hmm. Cured Danish bacon with two free range eggs, easy on the mustard," he intoned. "What seems to be the problem, Peter?"

"See for yourself, guys," Peter replied as the other Ghostbusters woke up and looked around.

They were not in the HQ, that was obvious. All around them, as far as they could see, was a huge landscape that appeared to be made out of marzipan and icing, with trees of growing yoghurt and drink cans. At a pond that looked like it was made of milk, a small family of beefburgers seemed to be guzzling the liquid through crazy straws. In the sky, a bread and butter fly flapped frantically towards its nest in a tree that looked like a strangely shaped cucumber. A few more sausages dive-bombed The Real Ghostbusters as they stared at the things around them. Smells of cooking drifted across the air and from somewhere nearby, Ray felt sure he could hear the familiar snup, crockle and pip of a well-known brand of breakfast cereal.

"Hey, Slimer wouldn't have anything to do with this, would he?" asked Ray, as a hedgehog creature with cocktail sticks for spines ambled by. Peter told his friends what had happened and Egon frowned, then scratched his chin. "Definitely a subconscious manifestation of paranormal forces," he announced. "This is really fascinating! You realise, of course, Peter, that if we could harness these forces, we could —"

"Never mind the harness," snapped Peter. "Where's the horse that will get us out of this place?"

"We must find Slimer," Egon replied. "I believe that he's responsible for this place, a sort of dream world that's come to life."

"That figures," Winston butted in. "Only Slimer could think of a place like this!" With that they began to search. Suddenly, just as a herd of chocolate biscuits on legs began to thunder across a plain of what looked like burnt toast, the Ghostbusters heard a terrible squealing sound from just beyond the next outcrop of candy rock. "Slimer," muttered Peter. "Sounds like he's in trouble," Ray replied, and he was right.

Slimer had found himself in a food paradise and had quite naturally started trying to eat himself silly. But it wasn't easy. A candy bar he'd picked up had sprouted

legs and run away. Three double burgers with fries to go had gone, as fast as they could, when Slimer had tried to grab them. As he chased them across a field of young barley sugars, a sudden shadow had covered the land and the ghost looked up. His green skin went a shade of light yellow as above him, he saw the biggest hamburger bun he'd seen in his life, standing over him and frowning. "Trying to eat the citizens, hmmm," said the burger, grabbing at Slimer. "We can't have that sort of thing happening you know!" At that point, Slimer started screaming. "No eatee anythingee ever again!" he shouted. "Sorreeeee!"

"I'm glad to hear it," said Peter. "Now get us out of here!" "This is a dream," said Egon. "Your dream, Slimer."

"Nightmarey, yoobe mean!" snorted Slimer, as the ghost dodged the burger once again.

"Slimer, think of the Proton Guns," shouted Winston. "Think of us in uniform and ready to blast an evil ghost."

"Just do it quickly," added Ray. "I think that herd of chocolate biscuits is heading this way!"

Suddenly, the Proton Guns shimmered into the Ghostbusters' hands. "All right!" shouted Peter. The burger gave a wail of dismay and started to back away. "I'll do anything," it muttered. "Free Trivia Quiz games! Regular fries for eternity! Chocolate milkshakes ad infinitum! Don't bust me again!"

"No deal, pal," Peter replied and they fired their Guns. Almost before they knew it, the strange dreamscape vanished and the four Ghostbusters, and Slimer, were back in the HQ basement. A small crackle of purple energy scurried back along the monitor wires into the Ecto-Containment Unit and Egon quickly pulled them away from the storage vessel. "That's that," he sighed. "Gooodeee," squeaked Slimer. "Breakfastee now, pals?"



HOCUS POTION

Spooks and demons come in many an odd shape and size. But none stranger than those that have no form of their own, but are hell-bent on changing the appearance of the unsuspecting mortals they choose to possess. Take the example of McBeth's fine old occult brew – a feisty little number with not much body, but a rather ferocious bite. This bottle of hocus potion had the appearance of an innocent-enough, thirst-quenching soda, but lurking within was a

devilish brew that, when swallowed, had the strangest effect on the metabolism. The demon bottle bounced all over the city, preying on the weak and thirsty. One gulp of the brew was enough to transform the average mortal into a growling ogre. Luckily, it wasn't too long before the potion bounced in front of one Ray Stantz, who did what every litter-conscious member of society should do, and trashed the bottle. Simple but effective.



FOR PAGES OF FUN IN THE SUN...



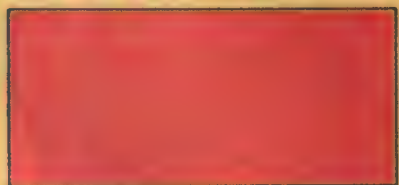
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SPECIAL HEART THROB ISSUE



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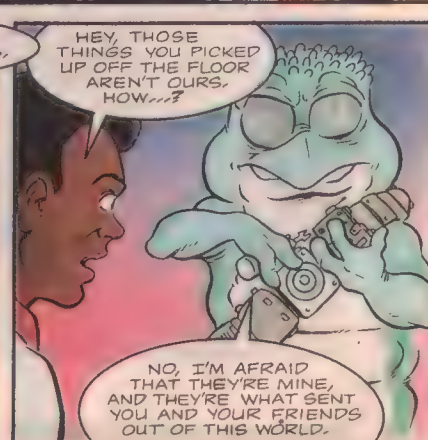
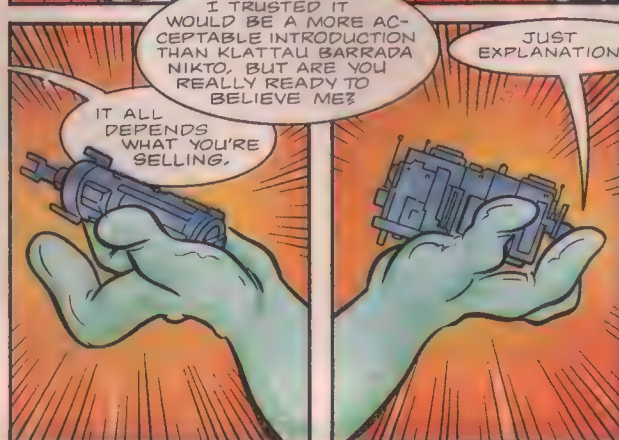
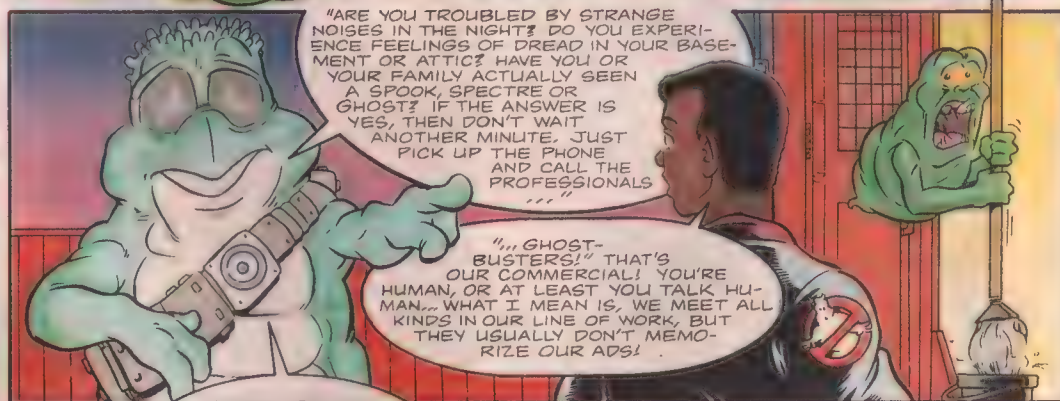


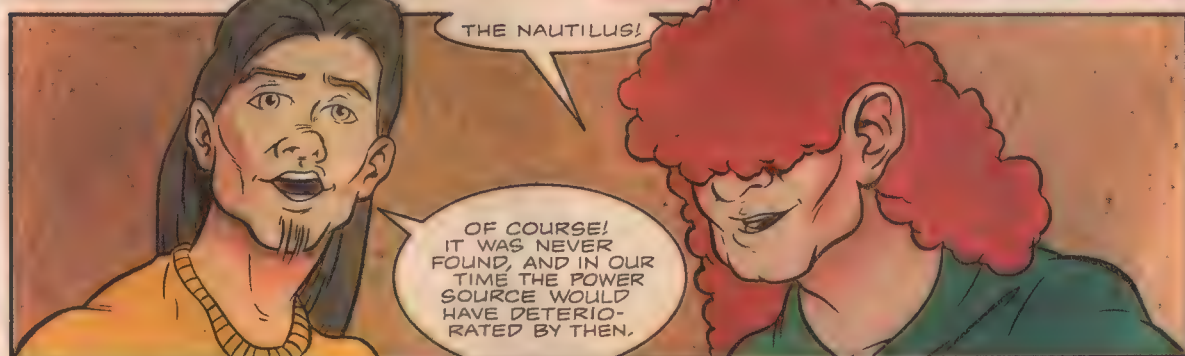
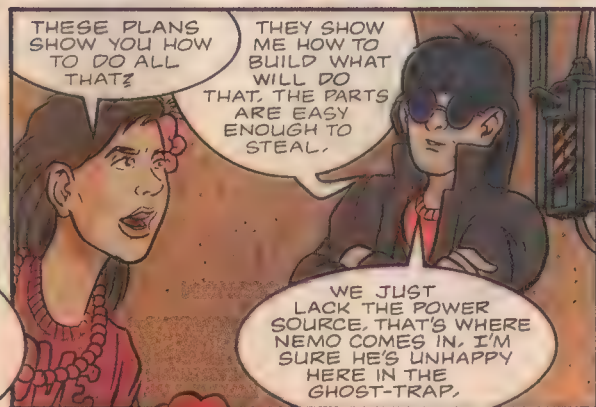
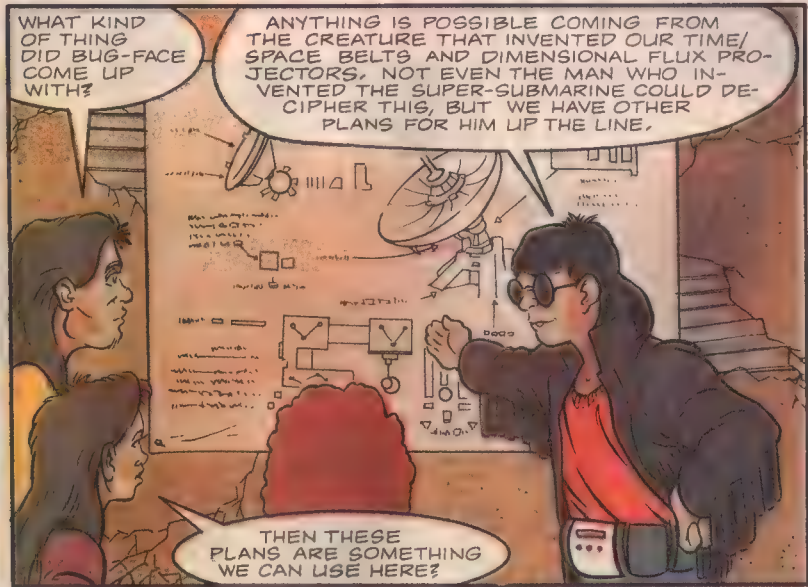
ON SALE NOW!

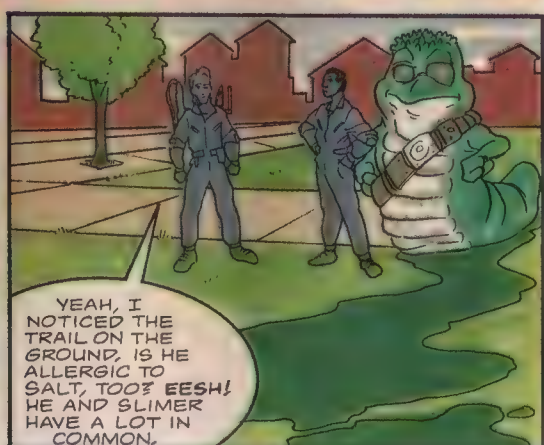
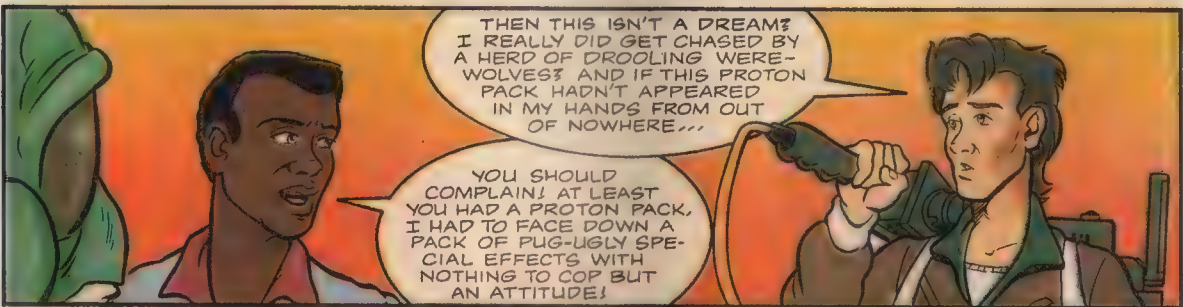
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

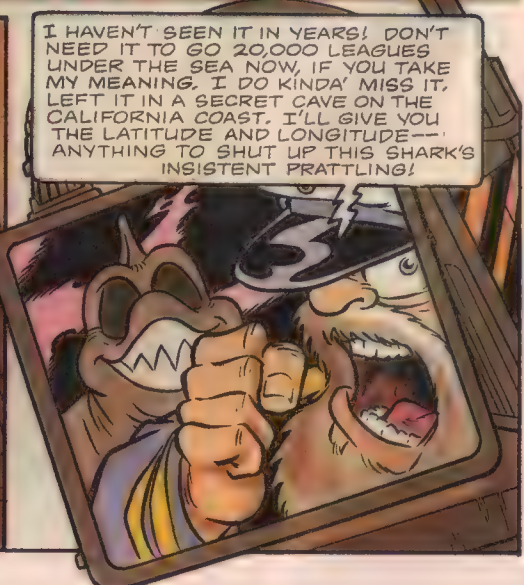
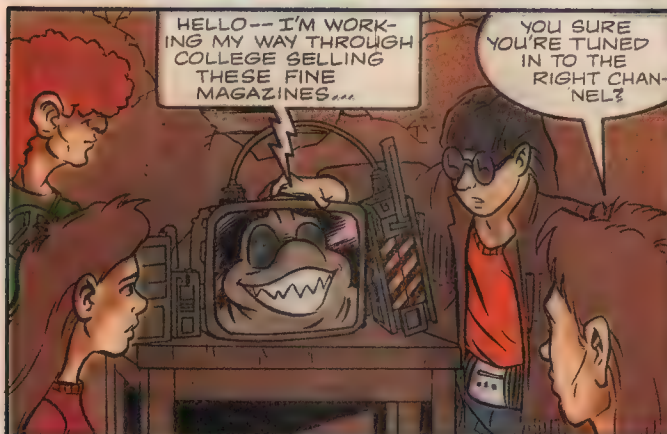
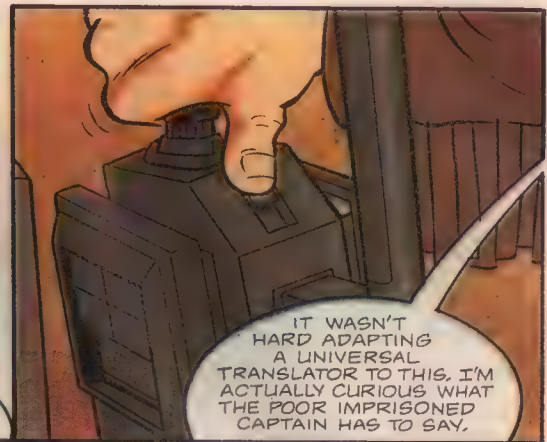
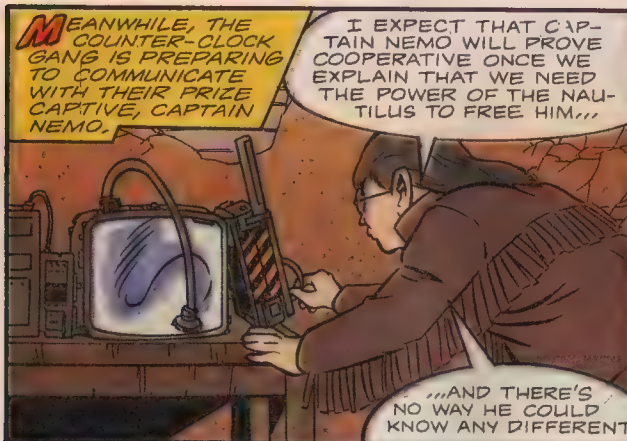
Part Four: The Real Ghostbusters have been thrown into a spooky parallel world by the evil Counter Clock Criminals. But who is this new green slimy monster?

"BUT NO SOONER HAS WINSTON TURNED UP BACK IN THE FIREHOUSE THAN HE FINDS THAT A HUGE, SLIMEY B.E.M. (a.k.a. BUG-EYED MONSTER) HAS INEXPLICABLY TURNED UP AS WELL. BUT WINSTON HAS ALREADY FACED DOWN HIS QUOTA OF MONSTERS FOR THE DAY..."









IN A LONELY CORNER OF THE STRANGE PARALLEL WORLD WHERE EGON IS TRAPPED, HE CONTEMPLATES HIS SITUATION.



WORLDS WITH- IN WORLDS, LIKE CHAM- BERS IN THE UNIVERSE, TO CREATE A DOOR WHERE NONE EXISTS IS THE KEY. HOW DID OUR STRANGE ADVERSAR- IES UNLOCK THE DI- MENSIONAL GATE?



THEY STOLE THE KEY, THAT'S HOW!

WINSTON YOU'RE SAFE! OR ARE YOU?



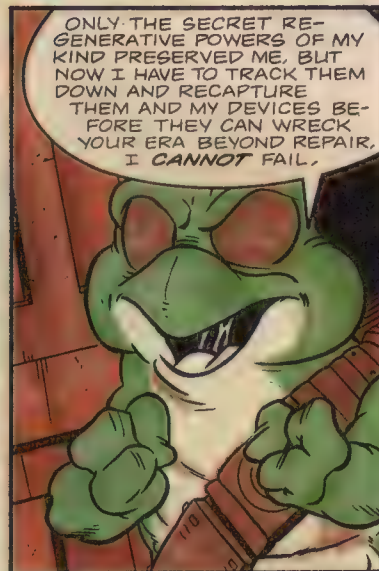
EGON, THIS IS S.L.G. HE'S ON OUR SIDE, FOR REAL.

THAT'S A SWITCH! HOW DOES HE KNOW ABOUT OUR ADVERSARIES?

THEY WERE ONCE MY ASSIS- TANTS IN THE WORLD OF YOUR FUTURE, BUT MY IGNORANCE OF THE POWERS OF HUMAN DE- CEPTION LEFT ME AT THEIR MERCY, OR LACK OF IT, THEY LEARNED MY SECRETS AND THEN FLED DOWN THE TIME LINE TO YOUR ERA, AFTER DISPO- SING OF ME.



BUT YOU OBVIOUSLY SURVIVED.



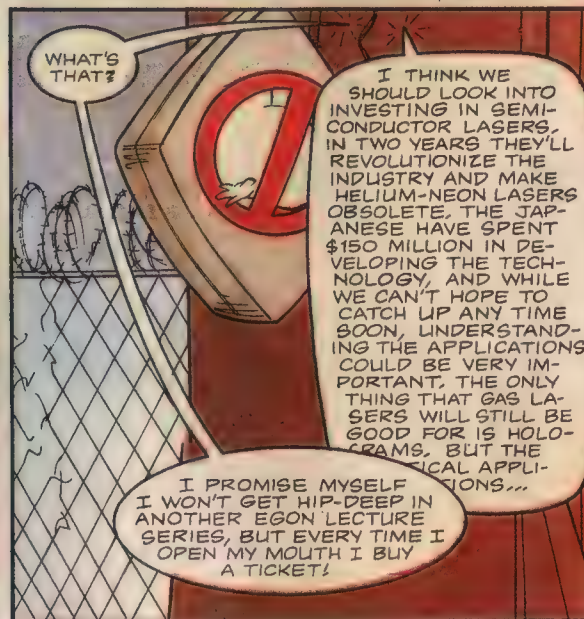
ONLY THE SECRET RE- GENERATIVE POWERS OF MY KIND PRESERVED ME, BUT NOW I HAVE TO TRACK THEM DOWN AND RECAPTURE THEM AND MY DEVICES BE- FORE THEY CAN WRECK YOUR ERA BEYOND REPAIR. I CANNOT FAIL.



I'M GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO ARRIVE IN TIME, SO TO SPEAK, WHICH REMINDS ME OF AN EXPERIMENT I MADE, WINSTON --DID A PROTON PACK APPEAR WHEN YOU NEEDED IT MOST?

I WISH IT HAD, BUT I HAD TO GET MYSELF OUT OF THE JAM I WAS IN, PETER'S BACK GUARD- ING THE FIREHOUSE AND, COME TO THINK OF IT, HE HAD A PROTON PACK WHEN WE FOUND HIM, AND HE MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT IT APPEARING IN THE NICK OF TIME.

EXCELLENT! NOW, WHEN WE FIND RAY I CAN ASK HIM ABOUT THAT AND ALSO ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE IMPORTANT THAT I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT.

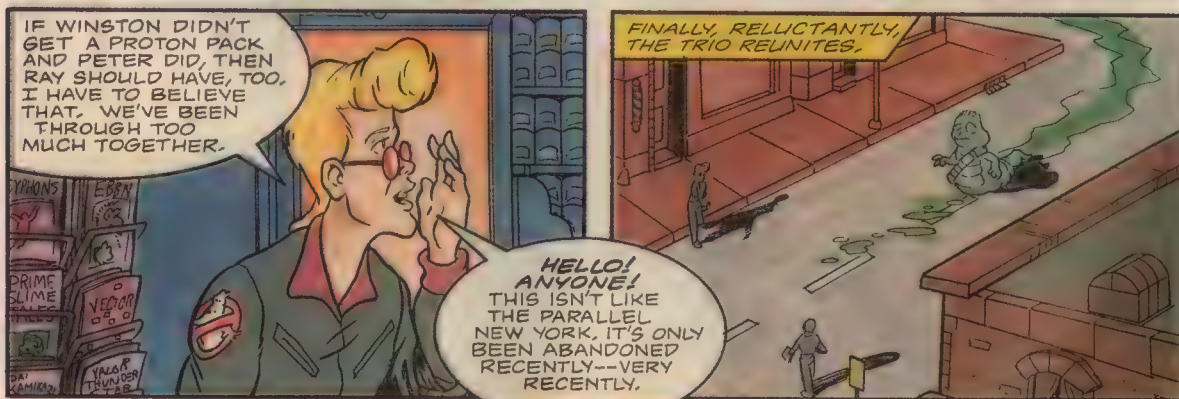
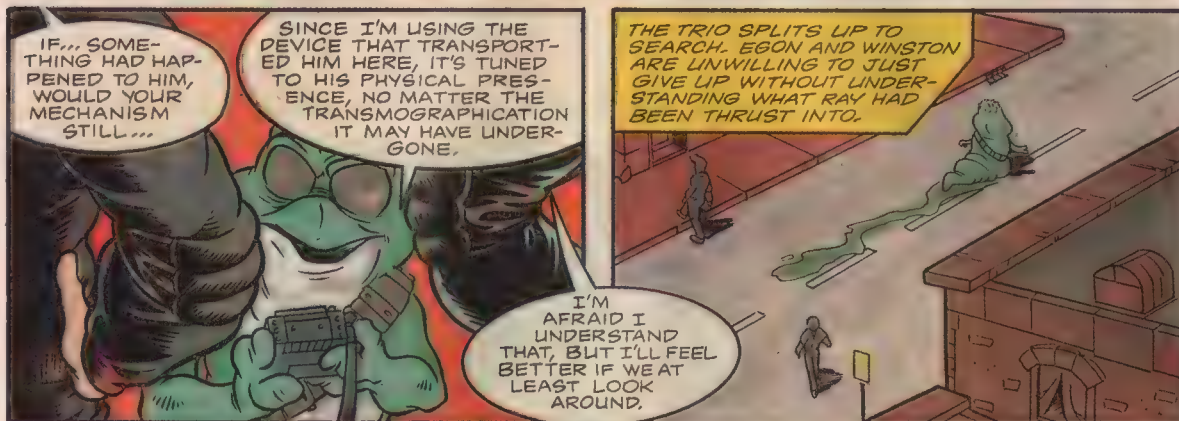
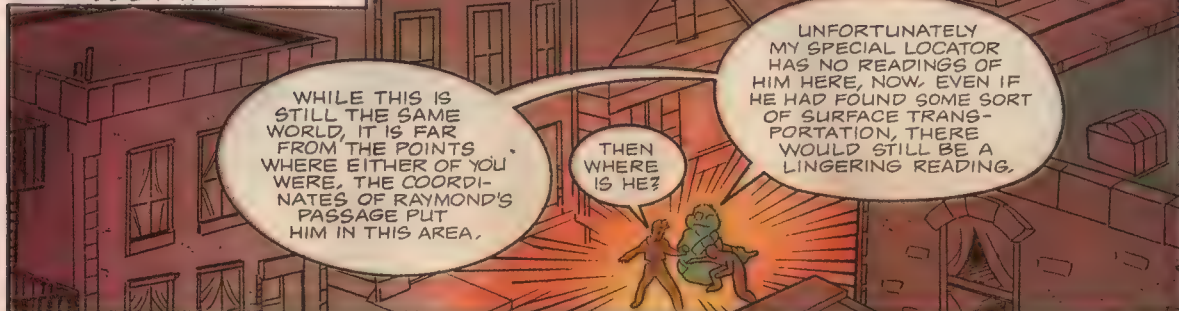


WHAT'S THAT?

I THINK WE SHOULD LOOK INTO INVESTING IN SEMI- CONDUCTOR LASERS, IN TWO YEARS THEY'LL REVOLUTIONIZE THE INDUSTRY AND MAKE HELIUM-NEON LASERS OBSOLETE. THE JAP- ANESE HAVE SPENT \$150 MILLION IN DE- VELDING THE TECH- NOLOGY, AND WHILE WE CAN'T HOPE TO CATCH UP ANY TIME SOON, UNDERSTAND- ING THE APPLICATIONS COULD BE VERY IM- PORTANT. THE ONLY THING THAT GAS LA- SERS WILL STILL BE GOOD FOR IS HOLO- GRAMS, BUT THE OPTICAL APPLI- CATIONS...

I PROMISE MYSELF I WON'T GET HIP-DEEP IN ANOTHER EGON LECTURE SERIES, BUT EVERY TIME I OPEN MY MOUTH I BUY A TICKET!

MEANWHILE, THE SEARCH FOR RAY STANTZ HAS BEGUN ON THE MYSTERIOUS PARALLEL EARTH...





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



In recent years, a disused aerodrome in a remote part of East Anglia has been used as a base for students taking courses in the building trade. As a Royal Air Force aerodrome it survived two world wars – but although there have been no aircraft there for almost fifty years, the spirits of those terrible times live on.

A film team visited the aerodrome to make a training film, but from the first day, their work was hampered by a series of frightening and unexplainable incidents. A studio lamp narrowly missed a member of the crew when, for no apparent reason, it fell towards him, and the next day another man was frightened out of his wits when he visited the old squash courts that stood behind the officers' mess. He was knocking a ball around by himself when he heard footsteps

behind him in the spectators' gallery, followed by a heavy sigh. He turned to see a man dressed in RAF uniform, who stared at him for a few more moments before vanishing into thin air!

The terrified man returned to the courts later, this time bringing another member of the crew with him. They left a tape recorder playing in the empty courts and locked the door behind them.

When they played back the tape later on they were amazed to hear noises that sounded uncannily like a busy aircraft hangar in wartime – creepier still was a ghastly, ghostly groaning! A seance was held at the aerodrome where the medium began to speak in the voice of a man named Wiley, who was later identified as an airman who had killed himself there during the last war.

Hearing about the events, the BBC decided to investi-

gate, and took two leading spiritualists to the aerodrome. In a trance, one of the spiritualists contacted another dead airman, and was later able to shed some light on the strange occurrences at the site. He explained that there were three airmen who had all been keen squash players, and had made a pact that if anything should happen to them they would all meet up in the courts. They had all died when their plane crashed and the reason they were haunting the aerodrome was that they didn't actually realise they had been killed, and were trying to contact people because they needed help.

The spiritualists performed a simple exorcism and the poor airmen were finally able to rest in peace, unaware of the fear they had caused the living in their desperate search for help.



! HISTORY IS GHOST THIS



IN JUST 7 DAYS

